

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## The Evils of our Country.

BY F. T. CLARKE.

Ancient literature, especially that of Rome, abounds in the description of deeds of sin and immorality which, from their enormity, are fit to be attributed only to the barbarous savage of the most remote parts of Africa. In reading the glowing description of these dark deeds, the reader is astonished, and compelled to shrink from them, as it were, and is even inclined to doubt the correctness of statements, and wonders if it is possible that such things could ever have happened. We are inclined to ask ourselves: How could such evils exist in that once proud city, which enjoyed the title of "Mistress of the World," and, enthroned upon her seven hills, looked down upon the vast domains stretched out before her in all their beauty and splendor? But under this alluring picture rottenness and corruption lay concealed. Juvenal has condemned the customs, extravagance and licentiousness existing in Rome during the reign of the Cæsars; many other authors, who flourished about this time, bring forth the dark deeds of Rome, and place them before their readers in their true light. But repulsive as may seem this licentiousness and corruption of ancient Rome, could the condition of the public and private virtue (?) of our own day and country be brought in all its reality before our eyes, Rome's crimes would sink into insignificance. One of our greatest evils, and one which may be ranked among the first, is the careless manner in which our Sundays are observed. This should be, strictly speaking, a day of prayer and rest, commanded by the Divine law of God and set aside by the Church for that purpose. When the people of a nation begin to fall away from this practice, and begin to disregard the Divine commands, it is safe to believe that such people will not long continue to be pure and virtuous: and, I am sorry to say, that the non-observance of Sunday is an evil prevalent to a great extent in our own country. If we visit any of our large cities on the Lord's day we can hardly distinguish it from an ordinary working day. We

find saloons and beer gardens open and in full blast; even the theatres, and other places of amusement are open during the whole day, and this in defiance of the positive law of God: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." We find our young men congregated about these places; here they come in contact with all kinds of company, with men who laugh and scoff at the very mention of religion. In these places we find many of our Catholic young men, who go to an early Mass, to satisfy their Church obligations, and then imagine that they may have the remainder of the day to themselves. Our State legislatures seem to have at last opened their eyes to the greatness of this sin, and have begun to enact laws which, if put into effect, will suppress the evil.

Another of our national evils is avarice. The accumulation of wealth tends to make men selfish; and as individuals grow selfish, the more they are given to what is called the "tricks of trade." What the avaricious man does not know about the tricks and snares of business need not be sought after in the archives of the ancients. The greatest desire of the American is to accumulate wealth, and that as quickly as possible; for his great and ruling ambition is money. Any man possessing a fortune may make his way into any of the highest offices and the best society in the land; in fact, it seems, as if these men were the only persons able to obtain office. Intemperance is another of our great national evils, one which prevails to an alarming extent among all classes of society. It is to this sin we may trace the majority of the miseries of the world. It has filled our orphan asylums, hospitals, and poor-houses. It is this "demon of drink" that gives the lunatic asylums their inmates, and fills our penitentiaries and prisons, and gives the scaffold its victims. Our legislatures are also doing all in their power to suppress this great evil; but many of our statesmen and politicians seem to bow in abject terror before the liquor law. They fear that, assuming the rôle of philanthropists and true Americans, turning upon this evil and saying "Thou shalt turn thy face and submit to be controlled, thou must no longer fill our land with lamentation and woe," it would be their political death-blow. It is strange that so many of our statesmen do not seem to understand that, if they would stand firm and carry out the will of God, their fellow-citizens would rally and encourage them and they would be much more honored and respected by all well-meaning and law-abiding citizens. Gambling, forgery, false swearing, and all kinds of roguery, seem to be very commonly employed in making a living in this our enlightened nineteenth century. The avaricious man's motto is: Accumulate wealth; no matter whence it comes or by what means acquired. If an honest man becomes financially involved, and happens to fall behind, he is

sneered at and called such names as "old foggy" or a "mediæval humbug."

Let us glance at the shameless corruption existing in American politics. What pen can describe the fraud and trickery that prevail in our land every four years during the Presidential elections? Party success, and party success alone, seems to be the aim of nine-tenths of the American voters. Why all these public demonstrations? Why these party papers? and why do so many of our noted men, to use a common phrase, "stump" the entire country during these campaigns, abandoning for the time their business and professional callings? Do they do it simply on account of the personal esteem in which they regard the candidate, or on account of his private character? No: far from it. They uphold him because he is a democrat or a republican; or, perhaps, because he is the possessor of millions of almighty dollars. This great evil is yearly assuming still greater proportions, and it will continue doing so until party feeling is abolished. This is not only a private evil, but a national one, which, if not speedily checked, will end disastrously to our Republic. Another evil, and one greatly to be dreaded, is discontent, a synonymous term for communism. The resistance to law and constituted authority, which has become so general, manifests itself in labor-strikes, in the organization of secret societies, and various defiant public demonstrations, which are of daily occurrence in our larger cities. Every effect must have a cause, and we believe this spirit of discontent to have its cause. As long as the people of a nation are prosperous, they are peaceful and contented. Would it not, then, be well for our statesmen to examine into, and try to ascertain the cause of this spirit of discontent, which at present exists among the people and apply at once the necessary remedies?

I cannot conclude this article without noticing the unChristian-like manner in which the aborigines of America are treated by our Government. What rights do they possess? what blessings do they enjoy? They have been deprived of their homes; they have been driven from the forests wherein they were wont to roam, and were, and are, compelled to flee before the steady advance of civilization. What is now left of that once proud people, the original possessors of the soil? They are now nearly destroyed, the few that remain are fast passing away; and in a few years the proud American Indian will exist only on the pages of history. What pledges has the Government made to the Indians that have not been broken? What rights do they enjoy which the Government has not forced upon them by treaties of its own choice, or, by its army, compelled them to reluctantly accept? We no longer have slavery in our land. The Republic freed herself from that evil, after a mighty and obstinate struggle. But she has not yet taken any steps toward protecting the rights of the red man. God will surely send us some just retribution, and then we will be obliged to pay the penalty of treating His creatures in such an inhuman manner. There are two remedies to these evils: one is, punishment sent from God, which will awaken the people to a sense of their evil ways—this we hope will never be necessary; and the other is, universal education. Education will dispel the ignorance existing among the common masses, and will enable them to see and consider these evils in their true light. Then can we hope to see America prosper in the future, as it has done in the past, and see her able to hold her own among the great nations of the world.

## Spring.

BY F. H. GREVER.

Now that we have fairly entered on the season of spring, it would be hardly fitting in us not to have at least a few words to say concerning the beauties and disadvantages of this welcome season. Spring, being first in the order of seasons, should naturally be the most beautiful and the most welcome, and should set a mild and worthy example for its successors, summer, autumn and winter. In spring the trees and shrubs send forth their buds, the flowers bloom, and the grass shoots up as though urged by an invisible hand. The snow and ice disappear rapidly on account of the increasing heat of the sun, and are reduced to their former element, water; and this, mingling with the road, and the mud that lies thereon, makes travelling anything but easy or pleasant. Farmers, especially, are greatly incommoded by this thawing of snow and ice; they may come into town in sleighs in the morning, on business, but when they wish to return, very likely they will have to cross a mud road instead of one covered with snow. Great floods also take place at this season of the year, and sometimes the whole country for miles around is flooded, often causing serious damage and even loss of life. The farmer is undoubtedly always delighted to see his fields flooded to a reasonable extent, as it hastens the growth of his crops, whatever he may have planted; he likes a heavy rain; but should the flood or rain be one that is lasting and sweeping, his crops would be destroyed in a few hours. Generally speaking, however, we have some very respectable weather in spring: and were it not for the inconvenient state of the roads and the wretched travelling previously referred to, it would be hard to find a better season of the year. Notice the growth of the young tree or shrub: it sprouts at first with one small leaflet, and continues its growth year after year, the trunk becoming larger and stronger, and branches spring therefrom, until it forms a large full-grown tree, which looks beautifully in its dress of green or silver leaves. It is at this season that the hunter begins his work among the animals and birds.

In some cases, spring is the most beautiful season of the year; in the months of April and May, we enjoy the most beautiful weather of the whole season, and the latter month has been well dedicated to the fairest of all creatures that ever blessed the earth, the Blessed Virgin Mary. Then the most beautiful flowers bloom in the hot-houses, preserved for some great festival which will soon follow; then it is that we can again dwell in the country and enjoy ourselves to our heart's content; for all nature is renewed, is fresh and blooming, and the bright new dress on field and wood and meadow, with the lowing of kine, the chirping of crickets, the singing of birds, and the merry voices of long-imprisoned children, lend to the scene and to the feelings a rare enchantment. Then may be seen broad acres of grass, like a floor bedecked with a green velvet carpet, swaying to and fro in the breeze. In summer, however, the heat of the sun is so intense, that the grass withers and does not look as beautiful as before. Spring, also, brings with it a renewal of various healthful sports and pleasures; then we renew the baseball clubs, or form new boat clubs, and such like, for the purposes of recreation and friendly contest with each other. But we have an evil in spring which is very contagious. I mean the spring fever;

very few persons, if any, die from the effects of it and one would not be very apt to suffer from it if he would always pay attention to his work, and join in some one of the many games, instead of being a mere looker-on. It can have no effect on an industrious person, or one that works hard all day; but it likes to get hold of those who lounge around sporting rooms, and especially lazy students. We also find a certain grandeur and beauty in the thunder and lightning, and the springtide storm. With the advent of spring, the ice disappears from the lakes and rivers, affording us an opportunity of boating and fishing and bathing.

Life in the country in spring time is delightful: we can find pleasure in watching the thrifty farmer as he turns aside the sod with his sturdy plough, and plants in such regularity and order his crops for the coming year. We can ramble through the woods and fields, and find pleasure and refreshment in the welcome shade and cooling breezes: and then one feels much healthier and happier than when he is cooped up in a crowded city all the time. Spring is also the season for the botanist to begin his work: he may then be able to find some acceptable specimen, and a rare leaf or flower to analyze. Again, in spring the days are longer, and we have the benefit of the natural light of day in which to perform our various labors, which is truly one of the great advantages of the season.

Such are the advantages and the evils of spring; but taken as a whole, it is about the finest season of the year; for during the other seasons, the heat is so intense, or the cold is so great, or the vegetation is becoming so wilted or the scenery so uninteresting and bleak, that, on closely analyzing that most welcome season, we find that it does set an example to its followers and successors, and a most worthy one, too.

### The Advantages of a Classical Education.

BY HUGH S. O'DONNELL.

The value of a classical education is a subject which has puzzled, and is still puzzling the minds of many of the educators of youth. To-day the question of the usefulness of the ancient languages, as forming part of the education of youth, is being actively agitated. I do not think it would be wise to drop the Latin and Greek from the college curriculum: I believe they are more essential to a complete education than the modern languages; but I would not depreciate the usefulness and value of modern studies: to all persons they are beneficial, and to the business man possibly more so than the classics; moreover, the man who thoroughly educates himself for business seldom has time to study the classics, or, in later years, to utilize and enjoy a knowledge of them. Some of the best business men have not been distinguished for their education, and in urging the advantages of the classics we speak of those who desire to tread the higher walks of education.

The organic structure of the ancient languages is more nearly perfect than that of any of the modern tongues; and, by the great diversity of their inflection, they express more fully and exactly all the modifications of thought. This is one of the many reasons why the study of the ancient languages should be retained in our universities. All the excellencies of a literary masterpiece can never be successfully reproduced in a translation, and the standard works of classic

literature are models of such perfection that, like the ancient works of plastic art, they will remain for all time instruments of instruction to those who seek to become prominent in the literary world. The very fact that the languages in which the classics are written are dead is a reason that special attention should be given to their study. As long as a language is used by a people it will be continually changing; new words are constantly being introduced into living languages; the pronunciation of many words is also changing; and so it continues with a variety of other changes. But with the ancient languages we have nothing of this kind to contend against; and since such is the case, will there not always be men who, when they write on some sterling subject, will write in the classical languages? Here is still another reason we argue why advantages arise from the study and use of the dead languages: they are complete organisms, and furnish a better means of mental discipline than is afforded by the modern languages. There is no country in either Europe or America which, for its intellectual development, has not leaned on the pillars of the Latin and Greek classics; and a normal and continuous growth of our modern literature is not conceivable without an uninterrupted connection with the chief sources of our intellectual life. This connection is necessary for all branches of science; for some, as theology, philosophy, philology, law, and medicine, it will obviously appear so indispensable that no student of any of these sciences will ever think of attempting to progress without them. John Stuart Mill, in an address delivered at the University of St. Andrew's, says: "The only languages to which I would allow a place in the regular curriculum are those of the Greeks and Romans, and to these I would preserve the position in it which they at present occupy."

The principles and rules of grammar are the means by which the forms of language are made to correspond with those of thought. The distinction between the various parts of speech, between the different cases of nouns, the moods and tenses of verbs, are distinctions of thought, not merely of words. Single nouns and verbs express objects and events, many of which can be cognizant to the senses; but the manner of putting nouns and verbs together, to express the regulation of objects and events, can be cognized only by the intellect, and each different mood corresponds to different relations. The structure of every sentence is a lesson in logic. The various rules of syntax oblige us to distinguish between the subject and the predicate of a proposition; between the agent, the action, and the thing acted upon; what assertions are categorical, what only conditional; whether the intention is to express a similarity or a contrast. Such things are the subject-matter of grammar, and the languages which teach it best are those which have most definite rules: and no one will say that, in this respect, the classical languages have not an incomparable superiority over every modern language. It might be added that this very faculty of their giving such advantages as I have just enumerated ought to make the study of the ancient languages compulsory upon all the students who have the desire of becoming thoroughly educated.

The pre-eminence of the ancients in purely literary excellence is not disputed—it cannot be disputed. And how did they become so eminent? Had they not language, it would have been impossible for them to become so. All depends on the nature and resources of the language.

Who knows the advantages of an education better than those who are educated? Of course, no one. The Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, who, as a classical scholar, has few, if any, equals in this century, says: "The modern European civilization, from the Middle Ages downward, is the compound of two great factors: the Christian religion for the spirit of man, and the Greek discipline for his mind and intellect." This assertion of Mr. Gladstone's is quite true; and since such is the case, how can one conscientiously go through a college course and willingly dispense with the ancient languages? You cannot say there are better methods of disciplining the mind than by studying the classics. Lord Bacon composed all his philosophical works in Latin, and even to this day many valuable compositions are published in the Latin language. The Latin and Greek languages are not taught in all institutions for the same purpose. In some places they are taught to show their relations to English, while in others they are taught for cultivating and developing the mental faculties, and so on for a variety of other purposes; but the lesson most strongly conveyed by classical study is to seek simplicity, and a harmonious completeness of thought and statement. Let us, then, not disregard the opportunity here afforded us for acquiring that, the acquisition of which shall in after years be to us a cause for much self-congratulation.

### Art, Music and Literature.

- Six hundred violinists dwell in London.
- April and May will be busy musical months in Boston.
- Blind Tom has just given a series of concerts in Washington.
- Liszt will give a series of piano-forte recitals at Vienna during this month.
- "Boccaccio" will be brought out at Oakland Garden, June 13th, by Mahn's Opera Company.
- Mary Anderson is a devout Roman Catholic, and generally arranges her season so that she need not play during Lent.—*Portfolio*.
- Sir Julius Benedict has written an article upon Jenny Lind's tour in the United States. It cannot fail to be interesting, as he was the pianist of the company.
- A few evenings ago Mrs. J. W. Mackay gave a ball in Paris and imparted to the dances by engaging a group of singers to sing the waltzes to the instrumental music, which was furnished by the best band to be obtained.
- At a celebration in Richmond Va., some time since, the principal features were the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" (being the first time it has been sung in public in Richmond, since the war), and the playing of "Yankee Doodle" by the bands. Both were greeted with vociferous cheers.
- "Yes," remarked a musical critic, recently from Kansas, "the fiddlin' was boss; but I tell you when that fat chap with the big mustache laid hold of that bass fiddle and went for them low notes in the violin-cellar, I just felt as if a buzz-saw was a-playing Yankee Doodle on my backbone."
- Salvini has a very sensitive throat, which will not allow him to act more than four times a week. He has a villa near Florence, and is interested in a theatre there. He is the father of two children. Two or three hours preceding a performance he keeps cool, and immediately after it he eats a large supper.
- A young man from the country, having married a city vocalist, proudly wrote home that his wife was a first-class singer, with a remarkable voice. "In fact," he wrote, "she has a mezzo-soprano of unusual power and compass." His mother immediately answered: "My son, that is what your aunt Keziah died of. She waited too long before she had it operated on. Don't delay. Have it cut out at once."
- A St. Louis musician, copying from the "Frog Opera," has written a "Hog Opera" and has dedicated it to Cincinnati. He thought to please the city, but managed to

make both it and Chicago mad—Cincinnati, because it affects to place music above hogs, and Chicago because the people have more hogs there than any other city in the world, and consequently they rightly think that everything hoggyish should be attributed to them.

—An interesting trial of a new stenographic machine was made in the French Chamber of Deputies, the other morning, in the presence of M. Gambetta and a number of other officials and members. The mechanism, which is an Italian invention, is worked by a kind of key-board similar to that of a piano, and the stenographic signs are automatically printed on a continuous ribbon of paper. The signs, registered of course, represent sounds, irrespective of spelling, and the machine can be used by a person unacquainted with the language spoken. The daughter of the inventor worked the machine successfully, taking down a speech read at average speed in Italian, and one read in French by M. Gambetta, she being ignorant of the latter language. A comparison between the speed of the machine and that of the short-hand writers of the Chamber proved favorable to the former. Further experiments will be made with a view to a possible adoption of the apparatus, which is already in use in the Italian Chamber.

—There has recently been sold in London a drawing, possessing some interest, because of the name with which it is signed, and the history that attaches to it. The name is that of Louis Philippe, and the history is as follows: In 1945, Louis Philippe commissioned Conder to paint a picture of vast size representing the Federation of 1790, to be hung at Versailles. Conder at once set to work, but did not think of submitting a preliminary sketch to the King. When the picture was far advanced, the King went to see it, and, to the artist's dismay, coolly remarked: "Your picture is very striking, M. Conder, but it is not the Federation of 1790. I was there, saw the whole scene, and it was not at all like this. I must tell you, frankly, that you must begin your whole work over again." The artist was in despair, for his picture was nearly finished; but the King would not give way. He demanded another picture, and, inviting the artist to breakfast, showed him a sketch he had made from memory of the event. It is this sketch that has now been sold. It must be added that the price fixed for the painting had been 25,000 francs, and this Louis Philippe paid for the rejected work, agreeing to pay the same for another picture painted according to his own design. "It is a dear bargain," he remarked, "but I owe it to history."

—Mr. George Edwin Ewing, a sculptor of exceptional merit and acknowledged repute, who has decided to make this country his home, invited, during the past week, lovers of the plastic art to inspect several life-size portrait busts, commissions from distinguished New York citizens, at his studio, on Broadway. Mr. Ewing is a native of Scotland, and has already achieved distinction by his bronze memorial statue of Burns, executed for the corporation of Glasgow, and erected in St. George's Square in that city. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Princess of Tek, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and many other distinguished persons, have honored him with sittings. We were therefore quite prepared to find that he had been equally successful in his more recent works. Dr. Sayre, Dr. Ormiston, Dr. Taylor and Mr. McFarland have received every justice at his hands, and they are not only admirable likenesses, but examples of high artistic excellence. Mr. Ewing does not work from a clay model, but commences at once on the marble, possessing an eye that never deceives him, and as a result, there is no crudity or harshness observable in his work, but he invariably succeeds in reproducing every characteristic expression, both in form and feature, with life-like fidelity. In addition to the busts referred to, there are also some charming portraits of children—a speciality of this admirable sculptor.—*American Art Journal*.

—Signor Vincenzo Cirillo has, in a recent letter to this city, expressed his impressions of the Royal Musical Institute of Florence, Italy, which we publish below. Signor Cirillo's health has greatly improved since leaving Boston: "This school [The Royal Musical Institute of Florence] of music was founded fifteen years ago, under the presidency of Signor Casamorata, and the directorship

of Signor Mabellini, both celebrated composers of the famous school of Cherubini and Mercadante. The number of pupils now studying is about three hundred, male and female. An orchestra connected with the institute is composed of eighty male members, students who on certain days assigned by the director have the advantage of practising the orchestral works of the first composers of the German and Italian schools. A library connected with the institute, embracing a complete collection of the most precious musical works extant, formerly belonged to the grand dukes of Tuscany, who also possessed a rare collection of old instruments, among which is the first viola constructed by the celebrated Stradivarius, a violin and a 'cello by the same maker; a violin of rare beauty by Amati, together with a monocorde, a wooden trumpet and two Indian trumpets, played by placing on the cheeks, or the outer part of the larynx. There is also a perfect imitation of a Pompeii flute, and many beautiful guitars and mandolins. The severity of the studies which the pupils undergo, under the tutelage of the eminent professors of the institute, has, in a comparatively short time, been instrumental in producing a goodly number of distinguished artists, who are meeting deserved success in Italy and abroad."—*Musical Record*.

### Scientific Notes.

—During 1880 the number of new works, or new editions, published within the German Empire was 14,941.

—Improvements have been made in submarine photographic apparatus, by means of which views have been taken near Glasgow at a depth of ten fathoms underneath the water. One of these views, taken in the bay of that city, shows distinctly a sandy bottom with a large number of boulders covered with seaweed, and an old anchor; also, in the shade, three mooring cables belonging to small yachts.

—Scientists are no longer content with the five senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch. One proposes to add the sense of weight, whereby we can tell that some things are heavier than others; and another urges that there is a color sense distinct from the sense of sight. If the sense of heat and cold can also be separated from the true sense of touch, then we have eight senses in all. Nonsense may be taken for the ninth.

—If properly cared for, boots and shoes will last nearly twice as long as usual. Put the new shoes in a plate or dish and pour into it enough boiled linseed oil to cover the soles, not permitting it to touch the uppers. The oil causes the leather to resist moisture, preserves the thread, if sewed, and causes pegs to swell, if pegged. Give the uppers a good coating of neatsfoot oil and tallow. Never allow them to stand too near the fire or in a damp place.

—All noted diamonds have been cut at Amsterdam, and it has been supposed that a secret art in this matter existed there, known to a few only, who monopolized the business. But now expert diamond cutters in New York City are improving the brilliancy of Amsterdam gems, by recutting them with mathematical facets, according to scientific laws of light. This process reduces somewhat the weight, but generally increases the value of these precious stones.

—At the last Paris exhibition, considerable attention was drawn to some muslin curtains, to which a flame was constantly applied without setting them on fire. The chemical composition of the substance which rendered them combustible, as recently made known, was 80 parts pure sulphate of ammonia, 25 of carbonate of ammonia, 30 of boric acid, 12 of pure borax, 20 of starch, and 1,000 of distilled or pure water. The materials are dipped in this solution while it is hot, and when well dried are ironed.

—A Hamburg paper announces that a city buried in the shifting sands of southern Algiers has recently been discovered by a government officer named Tarry. He had previously opened up a subterranean river, capable, as it is rather curiously described, of nourishing 100,000 palm trees. This remarkable discovery led him to make further

explorations, which were rewarded by the appearance of a second Pompeii, with inscriptions, vaulted passages, and other architectural remains of great beauty. At the latest report a mosque of nine houses had been unearthed, and the hidden river gave promise of supplying enough water to redeem a considerable domain of fertile land from the desert.

—A German physician has started a new theory with regard to food. He maintains that both the vegetarians and the meat eaters are on the wrong track. Vegetables are not more wholesome than meat nor meat than vegetables, and nothing is gained by consuming a compound of both. Whatever nutritive qualities they may possess, he says, are destroyed in a great measure, and often by the process of cooking. All food should be eaten raw. If this practice were adopted, there would be little or no illness among human beings. They would live their apportioned time and simply fade away, like animals in a wild state, from old age. Let those affected with gout, rheumatism, indigestion, try for a time the effect of a simple, uncooked diet, such as oysters and fruit for instance, and they will find all medicine unnecessary, and such a rapid improvement of their health that they will forswear all cooked articles of food at once and forever. Intemperance would also, it is urged, no longer be the curse of civilized communities. The yearning for drink is caused by the unnatural abstraction from what are termed "solids" of the aqueous elements they contain—uncooked beef, for example, containing from 70 to 80 per cent., and some vegetables even a larger proportion of water. There would be less thirst, and consequently less desire to drink if our food were consumed in its natural state without first being subjected to the action of fire.

### Exchanges.

—*The Polytechnic*, Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a new-comer to our Attic abode. It has reached its third number, and makes a fair appearance, both editorially and typographically.

—*The College Message* for March is a passably good number, but we can't endorse "Echo's" poetry. It is frightful. The exchange editor makes his department lively, as usual. He is an able writer, and although at times severe in his criticisms, he is evidently able to make the best of circumstances. He and the exchange editor of the *Alabama Monthly* do not pull together well, and are trying to come to an understanding.

—"Bob Piper's Freshman," the leading sketch in the March number of *The Williams Athenæum*, is one of the best college stories we have read in a long while. There is plenty of it, and it is not a line too long. If "O'Brian" has any more like that in his desk we advise him to bring them out and have them published as soon as possible. The editorials and locals are fully up to the mark, and *The Athenæum* has one of the best exchange editors in the college world.

—*Turner's South-Bend Annual*, 18 pages quarto, is one of the spiciest of business annuals, and in its wealth of illustrations and finely-written sketches shows up the colossal industries of our neighboring city in a very favorable light. The City of Wagons and Chilled Plows is fast becoming famous in all branches of industry, and after a while a wagon will be thought little of unless it comes from South Bend. Judge Turner shows in the *Annual* what a bright and racy writer can do even upon such commonplace business matters.

—*Broune's Phonographic Monthly* for March is full of interesting matter for phonographers in general, and reporters in particular. The *Monthly* is, we believe, one of the special organs of the hook and crook fraternity in the United States. It is unmistakable in its preference for the Pitman system, but its pages are open to the advocates of all systems, and interesting discussions are the result. Specimens of various phonetic systems are given in each number, and the holiday number contains twenty-five such specimens. A sketch and portrait of Frank P.



Wood, of Philadelphia, who uses Graham's system, is given in the March number, together with a page of his stenographic notes. A feature that will be welcomed by many is the series of phonographic lessons, in the Benn Pitman system, begun in this number. Price of subscription, \$2 a year. Address D. L. Scott-Browne, Browne's Phonographic College, 23 Clinton Place, New York.

—*The Dial*, published monthly from the mammoth book emporium of Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, is on our table. It is a quarto magazine of 28 pages, and the matter is first-rate in every respect—such as might be expected from such a house as that of Jansen, McClurg & Co. The inevitable sketch of "Thomas Carlyle" leads off; it is no ordinary piece of writing, but the product of a masterly pen, even though written by a lady. "Mr. Ruskin's Letters" is an interesting review by W. F. Allen. "Shakspeare's Mind and Art," by Clarence L. Dean, ditto. "Hammond on Somnambulism," J. S. Jewell, ditto. "The Chinese Question"—ah, here we have it!—no, it is only a review of the book of our late Minister to China, George F. Seward, but is worth reading. "Mr. Whittier's New Volume" receives a good notice, embellished with selections. Several pages of interesting literary notices, short and long, complete the number. Subscription, \$1 a year.

—It is singular what a hold St. Patrick's day has taken of the college public. From every side come reports of its being kept, more or less, by students. Even at Queen's College, in Canada, the *Journal* informs us that the Medics wished to keep it as a holiday, although their examinations were in progress. The *Amherst Student* says that "the display of green was extraordinary even for Amherst," and *Rouge et Noir* (Trinity College, Toronto,) that although it doesn't know of any claim St. Patrick has on them, his feast-day has been a general holiday.

The feast-day of St. Joseph, the foster-father of our Divine Redeemer, occurs two days later, on the 19th, but as yet has not attracted universal attention as a holiday. We hope it may eventually become such, for, of all mortal men who have put on immortality—the Baptist alone excepted, perhaps—St. Joseph stands nearest to our Lord. The Irish and their descendants certainly deserve credit for their devotion to their patron saint, and to his symbol, the shamrock, triune, emblematic of the Trinity. Perhaps this is why Trinity College honors St. Patrick.

—*The American Short-Hand Writer* for April, besides the phonographic alphabet, diphthongs and double letters, gives also, in repetition, the tables of long and short vowel marks which appeared in the previous number, with some additional grammalogues or word-signs. This plan helps the learner over his work, as he has the vowel tables for reference; the proper placing of the vowels, and especially the short vowels, being one of the greatest difficulties to the tyro in phonography. The lessons, so far, have been excellently graded, and show great care on the part of the teacher. Lesson 5, in the present number, makes the learner acquainted with the circle *s*, circle *ses*, and the *st* and *str* loops, thus introducing him into the inner circle of hooks and crooks, circles and tails, which so materially shorten short-hand itself. The principal article of the number is an elaborate explanation of Pitman's reasons for reversing the vowel scale in the 10th edition of his Manual. Messrs. Rowell & Hickcox, the publishers of *The Short-Hand Writer*, are conscientiously fulfilling the promises made at the inception of their publication, and pay strict attention to correcting the lessons of their classes. They have started a Roll of Honor, which is, we are glad to see, gradually increasing in number. Those who wish to take up this useful study should do so without delay, although they can begin at any time. Subscribers for *The Short-Hand Writer* become, *ipso facto*, members of the class, with privilege of having lessons corrected through the mail. Price of subscription, only \$1.50. Address, Rowell & Hickcox, Vineland, N. J. We will gladly forward subscriptions for those who are here.

—We augured auspiciously for the result of Maurice F. Egan's connection with the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and we find that we were not mistaken. With the strong stamp of personality impressed on the paper by the veteran senior editor still remaining, new blood has been infused into the arteries of the old *Freeman* and gives it

greater strength and attraction. "The General Notes" and "Opinions of the Press" on the first page, are excellent features—so very attractive, indeed, that we can forego the literary treat in the editorial pages proper in order to scan them, and see what new things are chronicled. With the news and miscellaneous matter of the *Freeman* much improved in the presentation, the editorial articles are still the bone and sinew of the paper, and the plastic scholarship of the junior editor shows to excellent advantage. Maurice F. Egan has established his reputation as a poet, but he is not a whit the less at home as a journalist—nay, journalism is, we think, his forte. Although a young man, he is nowise timid, while far from being rash, and when so many suddenly commenced to back and fill in anticipation of the defeat of Parnell, and his utter annihilation by the Coercion Bill, Mr. Egan manfully stood fast to principle and would not turn his back on the hero in the hour of trial. The event will prove that those who sympathize with Ireland will stand more firmly by the *Freeman*. The appearance of Most Rev. Archbishop Croke's letter, endorsing the answer of A. M. Sullivan, M. P., has utterly dumbfounded the croakers, who wanted only the opportunity to spread consternation and dismay through the Land League camp, which was already closely watched, on the other side, by the communistic *Irish-World* faction. It seems that Parnell's frequent visits to France, of late, are significant in another sense than coquetry with Victor Hugo or Rochefort; rumor has it that instead of being a transit of Mars, there is a transit of an altogether different body, and that he intends shortly to wed an attractive French young lady. Apropos of poets, there are now three in the editorial harness on Catholic papers—John Boyle O'Reilly, of *The Pilot*, Rev. Father Cronin, of the *Buffalo Catholic Union*, and Maurice F. Egan, of the *Freeman's Journal*, and all three papers, *Pilot*, *Freeman*, and *Catholic Union*, are leading papers of their class.

—*The Berkeleian* keeps well up to the higher mark to which it was brought with the advent of its present editorial board, but the last number is scarcely equal to those preceding it. We were rather amused at the announcement made in its solitary prose essay that Mahomet was "a great prophet" and "wrote a book"! Some of the historical (?) knowledge aired in many of our college exchanges is really surprising, and the amount of gush thrown away on Mahomet, Mahometism, and the like, is not at all reassuring. Looked upon in the light of genuine history, we fail to discover any good reason for it, and must attribute it either to ignorance or an unsound moral principle. It may partake of both. Those who know anything of Mahomet's real character will be disposed to smile at the statement in *The Berkeleian* that Mahomet's heart overflowed with "tears of pity," but the incongruity of such an ignoramus being a "poet," and "writing a book," is simply ridiculous. We cull for the edification of our readers:

"In Mecca, whose lofty towers and minarets overlook the land of Arabia, Mahomet was born, a great prophet, a law-giver and a warrior. He had no education, no refined training, but he wrote a book, a guide of conduct, which has served for millions of souls. That heart of his, overflowing with tears of pity, what might it not have made of him? Had he been born at another time, he would probably have been a poet. 'Tis the sphere, the surroundings, which determine the kind of greatness of a great soul. That energy is in him and it must come out; if not in one way, then in another."

*Energy* Mahomet undoubtedly possessed; valor also, but valor of the stamp that animated the buccaneers of the Spanish main. His early life was spent in obscure employments, but his unsettled spirit burned with the fire of that fierce ambition which afterwards swept over Europe like a plague. *He could neither read nor write.* At the age of forty, he assumed the rôle of prophet, boldly maintaining that he was commissioned by Heaven to restore the religion of Abraham, Moses, and Jesus Christ, to its primitive purity, dreadfully disfigured, he said, by Christians, Jews and idolaters. He held that Christ was a great prophet, but that he himself was *the* prophet by excellence. Very modest, truly. Being subject to epileptic fits, he attributed them to the visits of the Archangel Gabriel, by whom he pretended he was taught, but whose presence he could not bear without trances or convulsions. His religious system

is a monstrous compound of Judaism, Christianity, old heresies, and his own fancies; on one side discarding all the mysteries of religion, on the other, continually inculcating that "God is God, and Mahomet is His prophet." Being illiterate, he obtained the assistance of a Jewish rabbin and a Nestorian monk to compile his Koran, or "book of books," as he called it, which was a strange medley of some beautiful sentences from the Bible, and of nonsense, absurdities, and ideas the most extravagant, without design or connexion, though expressed in a lofty and animated style. Being forced to fly from Mecca, he declared at Medina or Yatrib that he intended to establish his religion, not by the power of miracles, as the prophets had done, but by the force of arms. This was a great inducement to the grossly ignorant and warlike Arabs, and to it he added the enticement of sensual pleasures, he himself setting the example of debauchery, as well as of ambition, enthusiasm, and desperate courage. Having assembled a little army, consisting chiefly of thieves and fugitive slaves, he at first attacked the caravans going through Arabia, and enriched himself and his soldiers from the spoils. Like the Puritans of a later date, absolute predestination was his dogma, and having inflamed his ignorant followers with a spirit of religious fanaticism they looked upon themselves as happy in dying, with a promise of unending sensual gratification in the next life. Such was Mahomet; such his sect. The sophomoric gush, purporting to be "history," which has lately appeared in some of our American college papers for the glorification of Mohammedanism, is humiliating in the extreme, and if it be a sample of the instruction imparted in the institutions from which these papers emanate it augurs ill for the honor and moral character of our Republic in time to come. There is, evidently, "something rotten in Denmark." "A Mountain Ride," by H. I. H., is rather a nice piece of poetry, though an incongruous idea or two find place in it. The following, from the exchange department, hits the mark:

Several of our exchanges have been amusing themselves once more by telling their readers what a college paper should be. Of course it is understood that the standard of perfection they set up is not for themselves. Oh, no! The whole discussion is for the benefit of their hapless exchanges. . . . Our creed—rather, a part of it—is well set forth by the *Free Press* (C. O. N. Y.): "A college paper need not be instructive: instruction can be found elsewhere. A college paper should be vivacious, humorous, and occasionally sarcastic; should look to the amusement of its readers and not their mental development. They are supposed to receive enough of the latter in their classrooms; a journal should effect a change in the dull monotony of the student. A college paper *must* be interesting, else there is no excuse for its existence. This does not mean that all serious matter must be excluded. Let us have articles witty, articles wise, articles humorous, articles serious. Banish dullness from the paper, for by this will the subscription list grow. We know of but two or three college papers that follow this rule to any extent, and of them one is not far from being impudent. We are not flattering anybody this week, so we decline to name the favored papers."

### College Gossip.

—Columbia is making attempts to row Harvard next June.—*Yale News*.

—The expense of instruction in Chinese at Harvard were \$4,062.15; fees received, \$30.—*Ex.*

—Brown has received a bequest of \$25,000 for the foundation of a professorship in Botany.—*Ex.*  
bull. The Vassar authority says "into a crazy cow."—*Vassar Miscellany*. Give Yale credit for a bull.

—The young ladies of the literary societies at Oberlin have raised \$1,400 toward \$3,000 for a new society room.—*Ex.*

—A "retiring fund" for Harvard professors has now been fairly started. \$21,000 have been subscribed already.—*Ex.*

—Columbia was organized in 1754, the money being raised by a lottery. Its endowment now amounts to \$5,000,000.

—The Chinese course at Harvard last year cost \$4,062.15.

The receipts amounted to \$30. Business would seem to say: "The Chinese must go."—*Ex.*

—A disputed point. Yale says Io was changed into a bull. The Vassar authority says "into a crazy cow."—*Vassar Miscellany*. Give Yale credit for a bull.

—Student fresh from college to conductor—"I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor—"We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker."—*Tripod*.

—Bills have been before the Legislature for a chair of theology, of eclectic medicines, and of an additional branch to the homœopathic department in the University of Michigan.

—Father: "Charley, I see no improvement in your bulletin." Charley: "No, father; it is high time you had a serious talk with the teacher, or else he'll keep on that way forever."

—Since Mr. Herrick's lecture on March 9, to the Seniors and Juniors, on "Woman before the Law," we have all concluded to hold on to our money and not support our husbands.—*Vassar Miscellany*.

—Thirty-five States are represented among Michigan University's 1,400 students, besides England, Prussia, Japan, Burmah, Hawaii, the Bermudas, and the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, and New Brunswick.—*University Press*.

—News has been received that the cats of Ann Arbor, have decided to "Boycott" the whole Senior pharmacy class, and even the dogs have their opinions on the subject. The word toxicology is not found in their dictionary.—*University*.

—At a pronouncing contest lately at Allegheny, Pa., which was witnessed by a large audience, Mr. Dale B. Graham, son of ex-Senator Graham, and a graduate of Princeton, won the prize, mispronouncing only four of the thirty-five words.

—We rejoice to say that the measles have not slighted Lasell in their tour over the country, but we regret to say that they were introduced by a Harvard student who had a sister here. 'Twas always thus! What calamity cannot be traced to Harvard.—*Lasell Leaves*.

—Librarian—(to freshman returning books):—"What is your number?" Freshman—"Shelf 43, sir." Librarian—"We don't put students on the shelf." Freshman—(frankly)—"I came near being shelved for deficiency in Greek at any rate." (Curtain.)—*Williams Athenæum*.

—Dick (opening letter and reading): "Ah! letter from home. Check in it, I hope." Tom (after a moment): "Well, got a check?" Dick (sarcastically): "A check? Yes, a decided check—on my allowance. Worst lecture I ever got, and no money coming till next month. Bah!" (Tom cachinnat et Dick damnat secum.)—*Courant*.

—A beautiful example of inertia, as produced by the action of powers operating in opposite directions, was offered the other day, shortly after the death of Thomas Carlyle. Professor Scott expressed the opinion that the great writer was "perfection." Professor Anthon thought he was "a humbug." The students as a natural result, have no opinion whatever on the subject. *Vivat Philosophia!*—*C. O. N. Y. Free Press*.

—The following is an extract taken from a Freshman's note-book: Lecture I.—Three Great Cities Large Bay; On the side long Water Pipe; Unhealthy Capitoline Hill in the Forum; Remarkable Cicero Spoke; Books; Kings Unknown; Striking Event; Consul; A Grain Law; Mithridates came; Love for the Practicable Homes; Fine Baths, Slept in them. (Lecture next week will be upon the Golden Age.) This is a strong argument in favor of textbooks.—*Williams Athenæum*.

—The current number of the *Yale Literary Magazine* is excellent, as we presume the *Lit.* always is. The Editor's Table afforded us peculiar satisfaction. We cannot see what advantage is to be gained by decrying or villifying a paper simply because it is not liked. Why not let it severely alone, if it can not be spoken of without abuse? Bantering, or a lively exchange of editorial shots, when there is no malice, is, we conceive, entirely admissible, provided language ordinarily used by gentlemen is the medium of these courtesies. Selah!—*Chronicle*. Right!

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, April 16, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—We respectfully request some of our friends to give the following excerpt from one of our exchanges a most careful perusal: "It must be admitted that there is something enticing and enviable in editorial life as it appears to the outside world. The delight of getting into print for the first time is one of the keenest enjoyments. What, therefore, both men and women reason to themselves, must be the pleasures of that happy man who daily feasts the public with his wisdom, and whose smallest scribbling finds its way into type without criticism or delay? But this reasoning is altogether unsound. The editor does not look at things exactly in the same roseate light. The bright colors seen by other eyes have become to his a little clouded. The freshness, the exquisite charm of seeing his reflections in print has long since vanished. He writes sometimes painfully and under pressure, often harrassed by a thousand petty vexations, and not unfrequently with aching head and weary hand. His work is, of all work, the most wearying, the most exhausting both to body and mind. The call of copy is inexorable and cannot be refused. He must write; he must also endure the most contemptible and continued criticisms, but bear patiently 'to be esteemed dull when he cannot be witty, and to be applauded for wit when he knows he has been dull.' Every blockhead who buys his paper feels that he has purchased a right to dictate the manner in which it shall be conducted, to criticise sharply everything that appears in it, and to 'elevate its tone' with his own carping lucubrations, fairly written out and inclosed in a note for immediate publication, signed 'A Subscriber,' 'An Old Patron,' or 'An Earnest Well-Wisher.' If you were to ask this modest friend to cut you a coat, or measure you for a pair of boots, he would indignantly reply that that was not his trade; that he knew nothing about it and would not

attempt it. But the diffidence which shrinks from the shears and coyly draws back from the awl and the lapstone boldly grasps the pen and undertakes to so illuminate and instruct the world. Breeches and shoes require art, experience, reflection in their making; political essays flow spontaneous from the most addled pate, or can be pumped out of it by sheer hand-labor, without the vulgar appliances of study, thought and knowledge. Such is life!"

—Horace says: "He who joins the instructive with the agreeable carries his point, by delighting, and, at the same time, admonishing the reader." The counsel contained in these lines is indeed worthy of being followed. All the great writers of the present day, as well as those whose brows the laurel of poesy and the ever-green wreath of literary fame once decked, and whose works are still much read and admired, were careful to make their productions as entertaining as possible. This they could do only by giving us a delightful picture of their thoughts—clear, brilliant and graceful—a true picture at once of the soul that gave them birth. Such works will be read by all. The young will read them, because everything that pleases the youthful ear, and especially a graceful and harmonious arrangement of thoughts, delights the mind; for, though the same thoughts may have been presented before, we never perceived a charm about them, till clothed in the garb of elegant language. The very novel forms that some writers have adopted in presenting their thoughts are especially adapted to the young; for so susceptible of change is the youthful mind, and so eager is it for anything of a novel nature, that it eagerly devours whatever is thus presented. If, then, the thoughts presented in this form convey a fund of useful instruction, they will make a much deeper impression upon the reader than if presented in such a form as to have no other recommendation than their own intrinsic merit. In a word, such a book will be universally read and admired; for, no matter of how philosophical a turn the mind may be, it will occasionally crave some soothing potion, and instinctively it turns to some delightful painting of the fancy, which never fails to lead the wearied mind into smoothly flowing channels. If the subject be of a pure and lofty nature, and such as is calculated to infuse into the reader some divine truths, or some pious inclination for doing the Divine will, immediately the willing mind perceives the beauties of thought and expression; and the more grace, strength, and elegance there is to the expression, in all the greater prominence will the thoughts be shadowed forth. Nor should works intended for instruction alone be devoid of such properties as tend to relax the mind. Even if a book aims at nothing but instruction, its principles should, nevertheless, be couched in such a manner that, outside of their own worth, they may prove attractive by the ingenuity displayed in the arrangement and connection of parts, and by the adoption of a style suited to the work. And this is peculiarly the case with a college paper, which is read by both the young and the old—children, parents, faculty. Great care must be taken to instruct and amuse the one, please and entertain the other, and give no offence to the third. That these ends may be attained, the editor of a college paper must exercise a huge amount of patience and judgment; for he will assuredly come in contact with men, and be called upon to put up with many things that would have put the heroic patience of Job to a severe test.



He will have daily opportunities for exercising the virtue of charity—by returning good for evil. He must expect to hear his paper severely criticised; for no matter what strenuous efforts he may put forth to please his readers, there will be found grumblers, fault-finders. Our motto has been, and still is, to pay no attention whatever to such persons, except when we have been positive that a word or two would have the desired effect. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," has been our guiding star during our brief career in the journalistic sphere; it will continue to be our motto during the remaining portion of the scholastic year, when we will drop the editorial quill, to take it up, we fondly trust, no more. If we have thus far succeeded in pleasing the majority of our readers—and we have every reason to believe so—we can but feel that we have at least accomplished the heaviest part of our work. We shall make renewed efforts, during the remaining few weeks, to make the SCHOLASTIC agreeable, entertaining, and instructive. That we may effect this object, —while earnestly thanking all who have so kindly assisted us up to the present time,—we make a final appeal to all, requesting every one to render us whatever assistance is in his power.

—Before another issue of the SCHOLASTIC shall have been placed before our readers, that glorious festival, to which we all have been looking forward with such eager expectation and bright hopes, will have arrived and departed, leaving in its path, we trust, inestimable and lasting benedictions on the whole world. Easter Sunday, the anniversary of our Blessed Saviour's resurrection from the dead, the most important festival of the ecclesiastical year, and one that brings joy and hope to every Christian heart, will be reverently and enthusiastically celebrated by the whole world in general, and by Catholics in particular, on the morrow. The mystery commemorated in to-morrow's festival is the most important of all mysteries; for, as St. Paul says: "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain; you are yet in your sins." But Christ has risen; our faith is not vain; for, by His glorious resurrection, Christ has purchased for us immortality. On Christ's resurrection is based all the dogmas of religion; it is indeed the fundamental dogma of dogmas. It was this that caused St. Paul to exclaim: "O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?" Christ conquered that which is the conqueror of the whole human race—Death. In Christ's victory over this destroyer rests our assurance for ultimate triumph. What a happiness and consolation to the human heart, beset with that which the world is only able to bestow upon us, sorrow; to feel and know for certain, to believe, that after we have all paid the penalty of our first parents' transgression, after we have endured the vicissitudes, hardships, and disappointments of a transitory, evanescent life, immortality, eternal felicity, will be ours. Faith, religion, has made this assurance doubly sure. By it we are assured that we shall not remain dust forever; by it we are assured that the grave will not forever contain all that of mortal man remains when the soul has bid adieu to its earthly tenement,—it bids us raise our eyes on high towards Heaven, into which, on the day of general resurrection, our bodies re-united to our souls, we shall enter, thence to depart no more. This is the Christian's hope; this is the helm by which life's ship

should be guided safely over troubled waters, until it enters that calm, and joyful harbor—Heaven.

But why have such a glorious festival preceded by a rigorous fast of forty days, and by the practice of so many austerities? Why not rather herald its advent with weeks of merriment, amusements, and public rejoicings? The question is easily answered, when we reflect for a moment upon the sufferings which a God underwent in procuring for us this happiness. If we but remember that He who was infinite purity, and holiness itself, allowed himself to be maltreated, scourged, spat upon, reviled, crucified, for our sake, is it requiring too much of us, when the Church asks us to subject ourselves to bodily mortification, to wear for a few weeks the penitential garb, to thereby show the deep sorrow and sympathy which the contemplation of Christ's sufferings brings upon our souls? Assuredly not. Christ is our guide. It was by sufferings and death that He entered into His glory: we must use the same means. The Church, always mindful of the events connected with the Saviour's sufferings and death, sets apart one whole week, which she styles "Holy Week."

That those students who were present at the many and impressive ceremonies of the week may have a better knowledge of what they have just witnessed, we propose to give a brief yet comprehensive description of all that took place from Palm Sunday [last Sunday] up to yesterday evening, with a few words on this morning's ceremonies.

Last Sunday was called Palm Sunday, a name which it derives from the circumstances attending our Lord's entrance into Jerusalem; for we read that the people of that city cut the branches of palm trees, and strewed them along the road over which the Saviour was to pass. It is in commemoration of this event that the Church orders palms to be blessed and distributed among the faithful, who are to carry them in procession. You may have noticed that, last Sunday, during the singing of the Passion,—which by the way, was sung admirably,—each one held his palm branch upright. This signifies that the faithful partake of the triumph of Christ, by virtue of His passion and death. Again, you may have observed that as the procession passed into the vestibule of the church, the doors were closed, while Masters Johnson, Burns, Schaefer, and Gibert charmingly rendered that beautiful hymn, *Gloria, laus honor, tibi sit*, etc., on the conclusion of which the subdeacon, Rev. P. Franciscus, C. S. C., knocked the door with the foot of the cross, when it was immediately opened, and the procession again filed into the church. This was done to remind us, not only the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, but also that Christ, the true Paschal Lamb, by dying on the cross redeemed us from the slavery of sin, and thus opened the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem to us.

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings the Office of *Tenebræ* was solemnly chanted by the clergy. The *Tenebræ* is simply the Matins and Lauds of Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday, and receives the name of *Tenebræ* because of the darkness caused by extinguishing the candles which have been prepared for the ceremony. During these three days, the rites of the Church tell of her concern and her trouble for the Passion of our Lord, and the sins of men. All marks of joy are laid aside. No hymns of praise are sung; the doxology is omitted at the end of the psalms; the psalms and lessons which are chanted all breathe of sorrow.

During the singing of the *Tenebrae*, six candles were lighted on the altar, and fifteen candles were placed in a triangular candlestick on the Epistle side. These signified the light of faith preached by the prophets and Christ; of which faith the mystery of the Blessed Trinity is the fundamental article, and is represented by the triangular candlestick. Fourteen of the candles were extinguished during the repetition of the Antiphons, of Matins, and Lauds, and, as the last six verses of the psalm *Benedictus* were chanted, those on the altar were put out. This was done to teach us that, on the death of our Saviour, the Jews were wholly deprived of the light of faith. The fifteenth candle represented the light of the world, Christ; it was hidden under the altar for a short while and was then brought out, still burning, to show us the resurrection of our Lord from the dead. The darkness which shrouded the sanctuary during the singing of the *Miserere*, typified that which spread over the face of the earth at His death; the noise made at the end of the prayer was to show the confusion of nature at the death of Christ, when the earth trembled, the rocks were rent, the graves opened, and the veil of the temple was torn from top to bottom.

Holy Thursday is called in the Roman Missal and Breviary *The Thursday of the Lord's Supper*, as it is the day on which, at His last Supper, Christ instituted the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. By the French it is called *Absolution Thursday*, for it was on this day that absolution was given to the public penitents. The English call it *Maunday Thursday*, from the ceremony of washing feet, called *mandatum*. We generally call it Holy Thursday.

The Mass on Holy Thursday differed from the rest of the Office. As the institution of the Holy Eucharist was celebrated, joy was expressed at the Mass by the ringing of bells, the ornaments on the altar, and the white color of the vestments. After the *Gloria in Excelsis*, no more bells were rung until this morning. This was done to honor the silence of our Lord during His Passion, and to show the mourning of the Church for the death of her Spouse. At the Mass on Holy Thursday, two hosts were consecrated—one for the Mass of the day, the other was carried in procession to a place, generally called the *repository*, where it was kept with great splendor for the Office of Good Friday. The Blessed Sacrament was not placed on the high altar, in order that the devotion to the Passion might be continued without pomp and magnificence. Vespers were sung immediately after Mass. When they were concluded, the Priest, with his ministers, divested the altars of their coverings and ornaments, thus representing the stripping of our Saviour of His garments. The nakedness of the altar showed us how Christ had lost all His beauty by the torments which He endured.

The ceremony of washing the feet took place on this day. It is called in the Rubric *Mandatum*, or the *commandment*, because Christ, by His words and example, commanded it. For this reason, the Superior of the church washes the feet of the inferiors. The Pope, Kings, Cardinals, and others in Catholic countries, perform this beautiful ceremony. Here at Notre Dame it is always performed.

On Good Friday no Mass is celebrated in any part of the world. On this day, the priest consumes a host consecrated on the previous day, and in the Office performed instead of the Mass, and generally called the *Mass of the Presanctified*, the Church contents herself with a bare representation of the Passion. With this end in view, the lessons and tracts which contain predictions of the coming

of Christ, his Passion, etc., were read, and the history of the Passion according to St. John was sung, to show that the law and the Prophets were fulfilled in the Gospel. Yesterday the Church offered up public prayers for all kinds of persons, schismatics, heretics, Jews and pagans. The crucifix was exposed for adoration. This custom is as old as Christianity itself. We did not pay our adoration to the wood of which the Cross is made, but to Him who offered on it a Sacrifice of propitiation for our sins.

The Mass celebrated this morning was, in ancient times, said on the following night, in honor of our Saviour's resurrection. This morning, the altars were again covered with ornaments and new fire was blessed to illuminate them. The Office was begun by lighting the *triple candle*, which is emblematic of the *light of Christ* and signifies that the faith of the Blessed Trinity comes to us from the light given us by Christ. The Paschal candle, which was blessed by the deacon of the Mass, is a figure of Christ, representing Him first as dead; the grains of incense denote the spices that embalmed Him; the lighting of the candle showed His resurrection. The lighting the lamps in the church taught the faithful that the resurrection of the head will be followed by that of the members. Twelve prophecies from the Old Testament were then read, after each of which the celebrant read a solemn prayer. After the prophecies had been read, the *Baptismal Fount* was blessed, after which the litanies were sung. Mass was then sung, but no lights were used at the Gospel, because of the unbelief of the Apostles in the resurrection of our Lord.

### Personal.

—Don't forget the personal column.

—F. Wall, '80, is practising law in Springfield, Ky.

—Our readers will confer a great favor on us by sending us news concerning old students.

—His many friends will be happy to learn that Sam. Spalding, '79, has a large law practice at Lebanon, Ky. Of course, Sam subscribes for the SCHOLASTIC.

—T. W. Simms, of the Law Class of '80, stood a creditable examination before the Springfield bar, Springfield, Ky., at the February circuit, and was admitted to practise.

—Rev. P. J. Moran, C. S. C., will leave for New York next week, where he will spend a few weeks with his relatives in recuperative exercises. We wish him a safe journey, and hope that he may have a pleasant time.

—The attendance at the Sacred Heart College is constantly increasing. Last week many new students came from abroad and swelled the number of boarders at that institution to such an extent that it will be found necessary ere long to make further improvements for their accommodation. The great popularity of this institution at the present time is due to the efficient manner in which it is conducted by its worthy President Rev. C. Kelly.—*Watertown Gazette*.

Just what we had expected! The success of Watertown College is but the natural consequence of Rev. Father Kelly's efficient administration, supported by the indefatigable exertions of his able Faculty.

—Andrew J. Morrison, '65, died in Los Angeles, Cal., April 2d. His remains were brought to his home in Nashville, Tenn., for interment. The *Nashville Daily American* speaks of him as follows:

"The remains of the late Andrew J. Morrison, arrived from Los Angeles, California, last evening, and will be interred in accordance with the funeral announcements published elsewhere. Mr. Morrison was the second son of the late Andrew Morrison, who came to this country from Donegal, parish of Lifford, Ireland, in 1809. He settled in Nashville at the age of 23, married Miss Sarah J. Lawrence, of Sumner county, and is remembered

by older citizens as a man of fine business qualifications, high honor and sterling integrity. Among his children now living are Mrs. Dan Kinney, Wm. J. and Robert M. Morrison. When seventeen years of age, the deceased connected himself with one of the leading wholesale houses of Louisville. His exceptional business qualifications won him honorable promotion; but eight years' hard and constant work told upon his health, and he went to California for a change of climate, only to die among strangers in the prime of his manhood. He was modest and unobtrusive, yet firm and resolute, and his high moral character, frank and genial manners, won upon the hearts of all who knew him."

—We are happy to state that J. G. Ewing, B. S. (76), was recently elected City Solicitor of Lancaster, O. John defeated one of the most prominent republicans in that city. Speaking of H. C. Drinkle, John's opponent, the *Ohio Eagle* says:

"It was worth more than the endeavor, Monday, to defeat H. C. Drinkle. He has been too long a mere retainer and figure-head as the Solicitor of the city. His voice has never been heard in the many important cases of the corporation. He has never stood upon his feet and faced a jury in his life. His forte is to put in an appearance by proxy. His stronghold is, that he is supposed to possess secret and silent knowledge of the law which he only lets slip in the consultation-room on occasion. But the worst thing is that he has made his office a sort of recruiting power for the republican party. By gifts, by promises by smiles, by assumption, and by thin pretention he has been able to win the good will of a few confiding democrats. This fact has given him an apparent power that he never possessed, and has made him high-handed and high-headed on election days, and exceedingly impertinent and meddlesome in the meantime. His goose, etc., etc."

John's victory is the greater that Drinkle had four times successfully defeated the chairman of the democratic central committee of that county. Speaking of John, in another place, the *Eagle* says:

"John G. Ewing, Esq., who was elected City Solicitor, is a brilliant young attorney, and will fill the office to the entire satisfaction of both parties. No elector who voted for him will have occasion to regret it."

Mr. Ewing will please accept our congratulations.

### Local Items.

- Lent is over.
- Let us rejoice.
- Au revoir*, Ed.
- Ham and eggs.
- St. Mary's Lake is open.
- Our new head-waiter is now at the foot.
- The Surveying Class were out last Friday.
- Bro. Thomas is on the list of the indisposed.
- Some of the Preps. go-pher the gophers now.
- Eggs-actly! To-morrow will be Easter Sunday.
- Lent is over; wherefore our friend John smileth.
- Bro. Basil, C. S. C., is suffering from a severe cold.
- Who'll eat the greatest number of eggs to-morrow?
- "Say, can you tell me where that steam-valve is?"
- Where did that Limburger come from, Friend John?
- "Fanny" returned rather unexpectedly last Monday morning.
- Wanted:—Six columns of local items for next week's SCHOLASTIC.
- There was a rehearsal of the N. D. U. C. Band Tuesday afternoon.
- Prof. Lyons has our thanks for several of the very "acceptables."
- Several good songs will be sung at the coming Philo-patrian Exhibition.
- There was a great demand for umbrellas and rubber ulsters last Monday.
- Monday afternoon's showers brought joy to the hearts of our nautical men.
- In an item of last week's SCHOLASTIC, "tophet" should have read "toquet."

—The walk around the Juniors' Campus has received much-needed improvements.

—We understand that the Seniors intend challenging the Juniors to a game of baseball.

—"Deadwood's" writing-desk is said to be kept the neatest of any at Notre Dame.

"Our Babe" is becoming pouty. He failed to put in an appearance Wednesday morning.

—General Holy Communion for the Catholic students at 6 a. m. last Thursday morning.

—There were no *soirées* during Lent. Now that Lent is over, let us have them frequently.

—A. Dick, Preparatory department, was called home Monday by the death of his brother.

—Over three hundred South-Benders were present at the Solemn High Mass last Sunday.

—A Gray rider may be seen daily propelling a huge bicycle around the Juniors' Campus.

—Eight more issues, and then our editorial career will have been terminated, we trust forever.

—Sammy and Charley Murdock will spend Easter Sunday at their home in Michigan City, Ind.

—The Minims take a hundredfold more interest in the National Game than their "big" brothers.

—The Office of the *Tenebræ* was solemnly chanted on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings.

—Masters E. A. Gall, G. Rhodius, H. Sells, and H. Kitz will spend to-morrow at their Indianapolis homes.

—Lost:—A bunch of keys. The finder will please leave them at the office of the Rev. Prefect of Discipline.

—The Junior handballists met with four successive defeats at the hands of a picked team Sunday afternoon.

—All the Catholic students of the University prepared themselves for their Easter Communion last Wednesday.

—Comparisons are always odious, yet some say that the Juniors' study-hall is neater than the Seniors'. We doubt it.

—The funeral of Mr. Edward Cavanaugh, of South Bend, took place in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Wednesday morning.

—To-morrow is Easter Sunday. The ceremonies of the Church proper to the occasion will be conducted on a grand scale.

—We have a leather medal for the "Nimrod" that scared away the ducks and loons from St. Mary's Lake last Wednesday.

—Several lively and interesting games of handball were played on the handball alley on the Juniors' Campus, Sunday afternoon.

—Some of our Nimrods would be obliged to Tannerize it a little, if they were dependent on their guns for the necessities of life.

—We noticed a large sand-hill crane alight on the east shore of Lake St. Joe Monday evening. Our Nimrods let him off scott-free.

—The "Pinta" was transferred from Lake St. Joe to St. Mary's Lake, Wednesday morning, for the accommodation of the Nimrods.

—Some unknown friend sends us one of the Chicago dailies regularly. We appreciate his kindness, and ask him to accept our thanks.

—The Juniors' study-hall was given a general over-hauling last Saturday afternoon. It looks a hundred per cent better since that time.

—Some poor looking snow flakes endeavored to make things assume a wintry appearance again, Wednesday morning. It was a signal failure.

—The first of the Lamentations of each evening's *Tenebræ* was sung by a quartette. All concur in saying that the quartette sung them excellently.

—Our friend John asks us why should a novel-writer be an extraordinary looking man? We suppose it's because of a tale coming out of his head.

—Our poet went fishing last Tuesday, and, though he

affirms that he got several bites, (mosquito bites, we suppose,) he returned with fisherman's luck.

—That Senior who endeavored to retain forcible possession of the Juniors' football came near being stretched by having a large piece of Tinley over him.

—The names of Messrs. Falvey, Young, Kuhn, Kavanaugh, and Tinley should have appeared on the List of Excellence for English Composition last week.

—The *Watertown Gazette* man told a pretty good chill story in his issue of last week. We would like to reproduce it, but—it would be too child-ish. *Save?*

—The young gentlemen who took part in that game of baseball reported in our last issue return their thanks to the person who furnished them with the lunch.

—Thursday, being the 9th anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Dwenger, his nephew, Master J. H. Dwenger, of the Minim Department, was granted a holiday.

—Our Nimrods report that there are any number of ducks on the lakes, but they say that the web-footed creatures are hard to shoot. They're easy to miss, we suppose.

—Tuesday was a gloomy-looking day. No games of any kind took place on the Campus. A few of our Nimrods sallied forth in quest of game. They met with but poor success.

—We expect to hear some fine singing by the choir tomorrow, as the Mass to be sung has been in rehearsal for over two months. We hope that its rendition may be successful.

—We are informed that some interesting, but mischievous, little quadrupeds are playing sad havoc with the geraniums in the Senior study-hall. Where are Sancho and Nep?

—Our friend John says that he'll wager his nobby straw hat against "Charley Ross's" pearl-headed cane, that "Pete" will convert two dozen fried eggs into bone and muscle to-morrow morning.

—March did not leave us like a lion.—*Watertown Gazette*.  
We guess your a lyin'.—*Waupun Times*.

Wau-pun on that item any longer. SCHOLASTIC men don't March in that kind of a lion.

—Spring's ushers, mosquitos, have again put in an appearance, and now our friend John will soon be seen slapping himself when he feels their little stings. Poems on the little creatures are in order.

—We noticed Rev. Dr. Neyron standing on the south-east bank of St. Mary's Lake, watching and laughing heartily over the futile efforts of that "Nimrod" to bag either a duck or a loon Wednesday last.

—By the way, when are we to have another lecture in the rotunda? and who is to be the lecturer? Could not our friend Stace, of South Bend, be prevailed upon to favor us with one of his interesting discourses?

—We have received the *Scholastic Annual*, a small year book from Notre Dame University, filled with interesting and valuable matter. We suppose the favor is from the *Scholastic*, for which we return thanks.—*Amherst Student*.

—Mr. J. F. Osher, who was obliged to spend a few weeks at his home in Chicago, on account of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, returned to the University last Monday, to resume his studies. Welcome back, Joe.

—Those Preps. who sleep in the dormitories presided over by Bros. Lawrence and Edwin pitted themselves against one another in a game of football Sunday afternoon. Bro. Lawrence's boys won three games in succession.

—President Corby gave an interesting lecture on "Etiquette," in the Juniors' study-hall, Wednesday morning. It was the first of a series which the Very Rev. President intends delivering on the same subject between this and June.

—Masters Prenatt, Ewing, and Cleary gave very good extempore summaries of the papers read at the regular semi-monthly meeting of the Junior Archconfraternity, Sunday evening, by Messrs. Bodine, Fendrick, and C. Murdock.

—Many will be pained to learn of the death of Col.

Robert King, a distinguished elocutionist of Chicago, who was so well and favorably known at this University. His funeral took place from his residence in that city Tuesday afternoon.

—Prof. Lyons says that the Philopatrians will burn "Bertrand" in about fifteen minutes this time. This will be welcome news to a thoroughly-bored public, who have for years witnessed the protracted efforts of Philopatrian incendiaries of former years to incinerate that benighted city. The Duke of Goshen and the Barber of Mishawaka will be present on the occasion.

—We have received the *Goliad Guard*, published at Goliad, Texas, which contained a well-written account of "The Honeymoon," a play given by the young ladies and gentlemen of the Sola Stella Association of Goliad College. T. A. Dailey ('72), B. S., was on the Committee of Arrangements. We suppose that our thanks are due Mr. Dailey for the *Guard*, and for a neatly-printed programme of the entertainment.

—Captain Cocke drilled the Cadets on the Juniors' Campus Sunday afternoon. Quite a number of spectators witnessed the exercises. Among the members of the Faculty whom we noticed looking on were Vice-President Walsh, Fathers Maher, Zahm, O'Keeffe; Bros. Emmanuel and Paul, and Prof. Devoto. The Captain is to be congratulated on the proficiency evinced by the Cadets in military tactics.

—We have heard several connoisseurs express themselves as having been well pleased with the excellent singing of Masters Schaefer, Burns, Johnson, and Gibert during the procession last Sunday. Two others, who had promised to assist the above-named young gentlemen, failed to put in an appearance. Perhaps it was well that they did not; they assuredly would not have bettered the rendition of the hymn.

—Rain last Monday afternoon—the commencement of those April showers which we requested our readers to be on the *qui vive* for, and for which the *South-Bend Tribune* said that we were a man of faith. O yes, *Tribune*,

Those April showers are here,  
The most delightful of the year;  
For they cause to spring up fresh bright flowers  
In lovely dells and shady bowers.

—We saw seven large loons on St. Mary's Lake early Wednesday morning. They are liable to remain there for an indefinite length of time. They have nothing to fear from the Nimrods; for one of the Nimrods fired four times into the flock, not more than a hundred feet distant, and did not touch one of them. The same Nimrod fired into a flock of seventeen wild ducks about two hundred feet away from him, and failed to kill one of them; and this, notwithstanding the fact that he practised during the whole winter with an air gun.

—The 23d regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held April 11. Songs were sung by L. Gibert, L. Florman, G. Schaefer, and A. Rohrback. Recitations were given by H. Devitt, F. Wheatley, A. Schiml, E. Smith, G. Haslam, G. Kipper, J. Kelly, J. L. Heffernan, J. Start, H. Dunn, G. Woodson, A. Browne, J. Devitt, E. Cullinane, G. O'Kane, J. Bennett, H. Sells, F. Dorsel, A. Mendel, and J. Whelan. J. L. Heffernan, J. Devitt, and H. Dunn were elected censors. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Bros. Leander and Simon for favors.

—Stormy indeed is the sea upon which the editor's bark must ride. In looking up at the journalistic firmament, he beholds nothing but banks of heavy clouds, dark as midnight. Ever and anon he hears peal upon peal of heavy rolling thunder, while the lightning flashes with quick and blinding brilliancy. The rain of censure pours, while thunderbolts of vituperation and threatened vengeance strike unpleasantly close by, causing his light bark to toss about on the billows like a powerful man in the throes of death. Few weather the storm; many succumb to its violence.

—The 23rd regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Saturday evening, April 9th. The exercises of the evening were inaugurated with an organ solo by Master W. Hanavin. Masters Snee, O'Connor, Campau, and Farrelly gave an exhibition of



their vocal powers, musically speaking. Demosthenes found worthy disciples in the persons of Masters Costello, Taylor, Courtney, Kelly, Dorste, and Echlin, all of whom declaimed. The treasurer's and censor's reports were read, after which Master Kent sung a pretty little ballad. Masters T. McGrath and W. Taylor were unanimously elected members of the Association.

—Each member of the English Composition Class is required to have an essay every Saturday on some particular subject. Last Saturday, instead of having essays, the class resolved to have a debate. A week's preparation was given, the subject of debate being: "Resolved, That the execution of Major Andre was justifiable." Messrs. Young, Falvey, Thiele, Tinley, Kuhn, Mathers, Walsh and E. Sugg took part. The arguments adduced on both sides were powerful and logical, showing that the debaters had carefully studied their subject. After an examination and comparison of the arguments had been made, a decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

—President Corby and our Rev. Prefect of Discipline "got the drop" on a couple of loons that were having a pleasant time in St. Mary's Lake Tuesday afternoon. Our friend John, anxious to give us a local, rushed into our sanctum, saying that President Corby had shot a goose. We were naturally alarmed at this announcement; for, knowing that there were some tame ducks and geese on that lake, we were involuntarily reminded of what happened to a certain theologian last year, when, through mistake, he shot a duck belonging to a certain personage whose house is situated on the north bank of St. Mary's Lake. Our fears were allayed on getting at the facts of the case.

—Last Sunday, Palm Sunday, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., with Rev. Fathers O'Keeffe and Franciscus as assistants. As announced in last week's SCHOLASTIC, the Passion was sung in four parts, and sung admirably well. Rev. J. M. Toohey gave a brief explanation of the day's ceremonies. After the blessing and distribution of the palms, a procession took place. Prof. Paul presided at the organ, and played a grand march at the end of Mass. G. Rhodius and W. Cleary were the acolytes-in-chief; C. Tinley, thurifer; C. Echlin, leader; C. Droste and R. Costello, light-bearers. Mr. J. P. O'Neill was the censor-bearer at Vespers, and Rev. P. J. Moran, master of ceremonies.

—The 28th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held April 11th. C. McDermott read an essay on "Our Future Existence"; F. Flynn described General U. S. Grant's Military Career; H. Rose told the members how to choose professions. Rome was well depicted by F. Quinn. A well-written criticism on the Moot Court, held some time ago, was read by E. Orrick; a legion, entitled "The Emperor and the Abbot," was well told by J. Homan; a patriotic selection, "Uncle Sammy," was well declaimed by J. O'Neill. "Lochinvar" was given by J. Guthrie, and W. Cleary displayed his powers of story-telling. Public readers for this week are, C. Rietz, G. Rhodius, G. Truschel, F. Grever, C. Tinley, F. Quinn, W. Cleary and C. Brinkman.

—Next Saturday will be the second anniversary of the burning of Notre Dame University. Mr. T. A. Dailey, of Goliad, Texas, tells us what kind of weather we had on that day in the following stanza, the first of a long and much-admired poem, written by him on that ever-memorable occasion:

"A cloudless sky, a sultry day,  
A wealth of sunshine in the air;  
Young spring was blooming soft and fair  
And o'er the earth held sovereign sway."

We have often heard the beautiful poem spoken of in terms the most commendatory. We shall, perhaps, publish it in full next week, as we think it will come in very appropriately on the anniversary of the "big fire."

—We clip the following, concerning the University of Notre Dame, from the *South-Bend Annual and Business Mirror*, issued annually by Judge Turner of South Bend, Ind. It also gives a fine description of St. Mary's Academy, which will be published in our next. For full particulars concerning this ably-edited *Annual*, see our exchange columns:

"However desirable that system of popular education may

be, and doubtless is, which makes possible the primary enlightenment of the masses in our country, the liberal mind looks hopefully to that superior culture which is essential to a high intellectual development, and that social power and moral tone which distinguish the most advanced peoples of our race. The sphere of learning, indeed, in the proper sense, lies beyond rudimental processes, and demands those opportunities, which, though open to all, are utilized by but few. Hence the academy, the college, and the university, where art and science and literature are taught, and the mental stature of the young receives its highest growth. Of these institutions in our own land, perhaps no one surpasses the University of Notre Dame, on the outskirts of South Bend, whose walls, in classic beauty, have so recently risen from the ashes of that destructive fire, hitherto noticed by *The Annual*, which almost paralyzed the hearts and hands of those noble men who had given their lives and fortunes to its upbuilding and success. In years only just past, the conceded limit of a generation, Notre Dame has, by that right which merit bestows, taken high position among the great schools of the world; while the blessings which she has dispersed are so general and so generous as to make her an object of admiration and love in all the walks of life. We are glad to know that the usefulness of this great institution has been by no means abated by the misfortune to which we have referred, but that, to-day, Notre Dame occupies, in many respects, a higher and better position than ever before. The stately pile is a specimen of architectural grandeur without, while within all the graces of art have been observed in a system of modest ornamentation. The interior is lighted by gas and warmed by steam, thus adding safety to comfort, while ventilation is perfect and supply of pure water abundant. The President, Very Rev. W. Corby, is one of the ablest and most experienced educators in the land, and his corps of assistants is composed of those alone who have developed an aptitude for teaching of the highest quality. Very Rev. E. Sorin, Father-General of his Order, who founded the school, has his headquarters hard by. This proximity is highly and mutually beneficial. The number of scholars is larger than ever before, and every thing betokens a rapid increase of honor and its benefits.

—A fraction more than half a century ago the Very Rev. S. T. Baden, the first priest ever ordained in this country, purchased from the United States Government the tract of land now known as Notre Dame. Eleven years later (1842), after having transferred the same to the Bishop of Vincennes, who, to accomplish the design of the aged proto-priest, deeded it to the Congregation of the Holy Cross, a religious Society organized in France by the Abbé Moreau for the instruction of youth. It would seem, when the history of the country in and about this locality is studied that there was something prophetic in the consecration of these grounds to a holy Order, for prior to the coming of Father Baden, the place was known to the Indian converts and the few Catholic settlers as *St. Mary's of the Lake*. The Congregation of the Holy Cross took possession of Notre Dame in 1841, with the Very Rev. E. Sorin as the presiding officer, who, with such means as he could command, began clearing the forest preparatory to building the college. The name was changed from *St. Mary's of the Lake* to *Notre Dame du Lac* (Our Lady of the Lake), which has been reduced to its present patronymic. The Very Rev. Father Sorin held the office of President from 1844 to 1865, when he was succeeded by the Rev. P. Dillon, now deceased. The first college building, destroyed by fire on the 23d of April, 1879, was 160 feet in length, 80 in width, and six stories in height, surmounted by a colossal statue of Notre Dame. It was dedicated on the 31st of May, 1866, and the statue blessed by Archbishop Spalding, assisted by five Bishops and a great number of priests, in presence of the largest concourse of people ever gathered together in this vicinity up to that date. The present college building represents a total frontage of 320 feet and is built somewhat in the shape of a cruciform, or like the letter E with an extended centre. [A projection will in time be added on each side, which will make the total frontage about 320 feet.] Height, three stories and basement: height of dome to pedestal of statue, 170 feet; height of dome above building, 80 feet. The rotunda in centre of main building—at intersection of corridors running from front to rear north and south, and from Senior to Junior Study Halls east and west—30 feet diameter in clear. Four niches, for statues, have been placed in the rotunda on each floor. Corridors are 16 feet in width, well lighted. Study Halls are located in the east and west wings, as in the old Notre Dame, on principal floor, 41x77 feet, 15 feet in height—lighted from three sides. There are entrances from corridor and from south end.



riak, F. Baker, T. Byrne, J. Guthrie, W. Hoffman, A. Thornton, J. Gordon, J. McIntyre, C. Murdoch, J. Marlett, F. Mattes, J. Newman, A. Mendel, F. Krone, T. Williams, C. Schneider, E. Cullinane, W. Cavanaugh, J. Whelan, J. Devitt, H. Morse, A. Dennis, L. Florman, T. Healy, M. Healy, G. Kipper, J. V. Cabel.

The List of Excellence for this Course will be published next week.

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### Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

W. Gray, R. E. Fleming, L. Gibert, C. Rose, J. Courtney, A. Gall, F. H. Grever, C. Rietz, F. Kleine, B. Zekind, J. Ruppe, T. Hurley, G. De Haven, G. Woodson, E. Fischel, F. Fischel, A. Flynn, M. Herrick, C. Perry, J. Martin, G. O'Kane, F. Kuhn, E. Gall, G. Truschel, A. Schiml, F. Kengel, A. Dick, F. Woerber, F. Dorsel, J. T. Maher, F. Johnson, J. Fendrick, J. Morgan, C. McDermott, E. Taggart, E. A. Otis, W. Barron, J. Homan, A. Rohrbach, H. Dunn, G. Schaefer, E. Piper, F. C. Smith, E. Sugg, G. Sugg, F. Gallagher, D. Harrington, H. Simms, W. McGor-

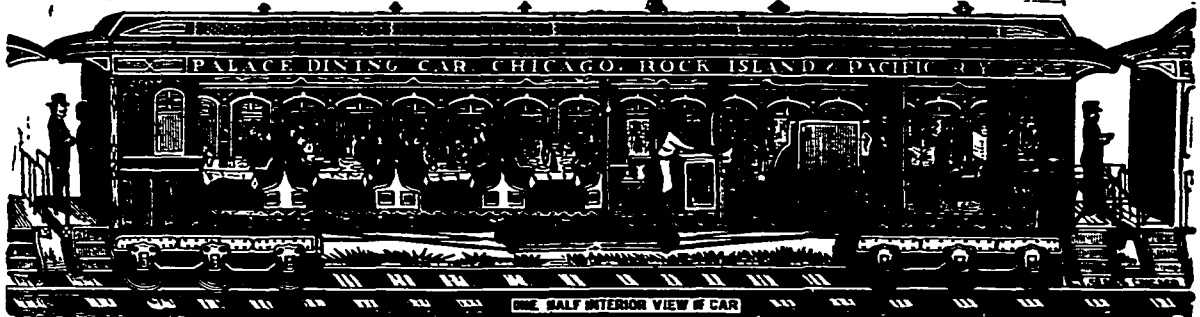
**PATRICK SHICKEY,**  
 PROPRIETOR OF THE  
**NOTRE DAME AND ST. MARY'S 'BUS LINE.**

For my attention to the patrons of Notre Dame, and St. Mary's, I refer by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.  
**P. SHICKEY.**

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## Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 00 a. m.	4 00 p. m.	5 15 p. m.	9 10 p. m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a. m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p. m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "

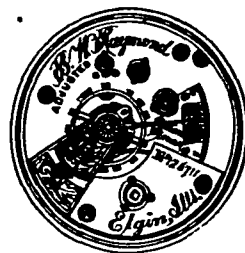
  

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	8 10 p. m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m.		12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p. m.	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

### Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a. m. 6 30 p. m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a. m. 4 15 p. m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 38 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

\*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted.  
**HENRY C. WENTWORTH,** **H. B. LEDYARD,**  
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## The Scholastic Annual

FOR 1881.

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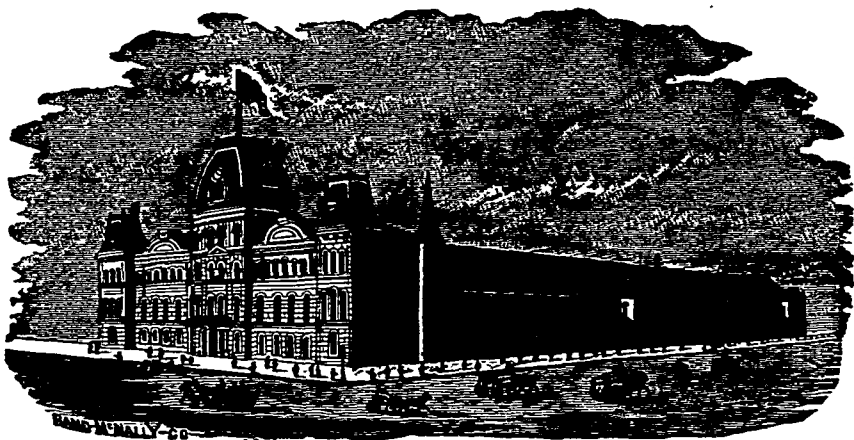
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LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m. Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.  
11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.  
9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.  
12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 p. m. Buffalo, 4 a. m.  
6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.  
5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.  
9.03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.  
1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.  
4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.		2	4	6	8	20
		MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic Ex- press.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....	Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing.....	"	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "	"
Miller's.....	"	9 10 "	"	"	12 05 a.m.	"
Chesterton.....	"	9 32 "	"	"	12 32 "	"
Otis.....	"	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "	"
Laporte.....	Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "	"	"	"
Laporte.....	Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend.....	"	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka.....	"	11 15 "	"	9 20 "	2 35 "	"
Elkhart.....	Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo.....	"	5 25 p.m.	"	"	9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland.....	"	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo.....	"	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York.....	"	"	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston.....	"	"	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.	"

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago.  
J. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.  
J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.  
J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division, Chicago.  
JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l. Manager.  
CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.